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THE GIFT OF

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER

THE HUNDRED BEST HYMNS

IN THE

ENGLISH LANGUAGE

With an Appendix

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY THE

REV. JOHN CULLEN, D.D.

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"Young men and maidens,
Old men and children,
Praise the Name of the Lord."

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FOREWORD

THERE are about three hundred good Hymns in the English language. To make a selection of one hundred of the best of these is no easy task. A good Hymn should have in it Devotion, Teaching, Rhythm, and Poetry. After long experience, and with mature consideration, I believe the Hymns contained in this little book to be the best hundred Hymns in the English language, though there are many others which I should like to include. I have arranged these according to the Christian seasons and other occasions, for the convenience of those who may wish to use the book in Family or Social Worship. I have carefully collated them and have given the best reading of the Hymns, and the most appropriate verses. I have obtained permission to print the copyright Hymns which appear in the book, for which I return my grateful thanks. May these Hymns prove a consolation and comfort to all who read or sing them, and may we all at last sing in the holy choir of heaven.

J. C.

20045

"O ye children of men,
Bless ye the Lord,
Praise Him and magnify Him for ever."

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THE HUNDRED BEST HYMNS

Morning

I

PART I

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run,
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Thy precious time mis-spent, redeem ;
Each present day thy last esteem ;
Improve thy talent with due care ;
For the great day thyself prepare.

In conversation be sincere ;
Keep conscience as the noon-tide clear ;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

By influence of the light divine,
Let thy own light to others shine ;
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays,
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the Angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

PART II

All praise to Thee, Who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake!

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers with all their might
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly Host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

Bishop Ken, 1637–1711

II

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see ;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

Oh could we learn that sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise,
How would our hearts with Wisdom talk
Along Life's dullest, dreariest walk !

We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray. Amen.

REV. JOHN KEBLE, 1792–1866

Evening

III

ABIDE with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, Oh, abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, Who changest not, abide with me!

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee;
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

I need Thy Presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Oh, abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;
Speak through the gloom, and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee!
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me! Amen.

REV. H. F. LYTE, 1793–1847

IV

Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

Oh may my soul on Thee repose:
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,—
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly Host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

Bishop Ken, 1637–1711

V

Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
Oh may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

The Rulers of this Christian land,
'Twixt Thee and us ordained to stand,
Guide Thou their course, O Lord, aright;
Let all do all as in Thy sight.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store:
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above. Amen.

Rev. John Keble, 1792–1866

VI

The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And resteth not by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun, that bids us rest, is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
But stand, and rule, and grow for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway. Amen.

Rev. John Ellerton, 1870–1908

The Lord's Day

VII

FATHER of lights! on this the first of days
We come, with grateful hearts, to sing Thy praise;
Shine on our souls, true Light of Life, that we,
Reflecting back Thy beams, may shine for Thee.

God of the day! teach us to walk in light,
With guileless hearts, as in our Father's sight;
To hate the works of darkness, and to be
True to ourselves, our fellow-men, and Thee.

God of our time! Thy latest gift—this day—
We render back to Thee, and humbly lay
Upon Thine Altar; consecrate its hours,
That we may work Thy will with all our powers.

God of our home! we own Thee Master here,—
May all be ordered in Thy faith and fear.
Unseen but felt, oh! may Thy presence prove
The bond of peace,—the pledge of joy and love.

And when at last life's Eventide shall come,
And the night gather round our earthly home,
Oh! be Thy face unveiled,—our morning star,—
Herald of dawn in heavenly climes afar. Amen.

REV. CANON AITKEN, 1841

VIII

Lift up your hearts ! On this our day of days,
In memory of the greatness of God's love,
Rises the incense of our prayer and praise,—
Earth's off'ring to the Heaven of heavens above.
Lift up your hearts !—For mercies here outpour'd
We lift them up this day unto the Lord.

Giver of good, our hearts and souls prepare
Here to behold the brightness of Thy Face ;
Here may we know the fellowship of prayer
And feel Thy presence in the means of grace.
Lift up your hearts !—For mercies here outpour'd
We lift them up this day unto the Lord.

And last, for those whose earthly course is run,
For Saints departed in Thy faith and fear,
We bless Thy Name, and pray : "Thy will be done."—
To-day in spirit reunited here.
Lift up your hearts ! For mercies here outpour'd
We lift them up this day unto the Lord. Amen.

Rev. C. D. Cullen, 1873

IX

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy Name, give thanks and sing,
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
Oh may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep Thy counsels, how divine!

And I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And sweet supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

Then shall I see and hear and know
All I desired or wished below,
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy. Amen.

REV. DR. ISAAC WATTS, 1674–1748

Advent

X

GREAT God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before:
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him!

The dead in Christ shall first arise
At the last trumpet's sounding;
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding.
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His Presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing,
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing.
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

Great God, to Thee my spirit clings,
Thy boundless love declaring;
One wondrous thought my comfort brings,
The Judge my nature wearing.
Beneath His Cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him. Amen.

B. RINGWALDT, 1530–99 (tr. W. B. COLLIER, 1782–1854)

XI

HARK, the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long !
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure ;
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy belovèd Name. Amen.

REV. DR. DODDRIDGE, 1702–51

XII

Lo ! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain !
Thousand thousand Saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train :
Halleluia !
God appears on earth to reign !

Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty ;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the Tree,
Deeply wailing
Shall the true Messiah see.

Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear :
All His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air :
Halleluia !
See the day of God appear.

The dear tokens of His Passion
Still His dazzling Body bears ;
Cause of endless exultation
To His ransomed worshippers ;
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars !

Yea, Amen ! let all adore Thee
High on Thine eternal throne !
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for Thine own !
Halleluia !
Thou shalt reign and Thou alone. Amen.

Rev. C. Wesley, 1708–88, and others

Christmas

XIII

CHRISTIANS, awake! Salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of Angels chanted from above;
With them the joyful tidings first begun,
Of God Incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the Angelic herald's voice, "Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth:
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

He spake; and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:
The praises of redeeming love they sung,
And heaven's whole orb with Halleluias rung:
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good will.

To Bethlehem straight the enlightened shepherds ran,
To see the wonder God had wrought for man,
And found, with Joseph and the Blessèd Maid,
Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid:
They to their flocks, still praising God, return,
And their glad hearts within their bosoms burn.

Like Mary let us ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind ;
Trace we the Babe, Who has retrieved our loss,
From His poor manger to His bitter Cross ;
Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

Then may we hope, the Angelic thrones among,
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song :
He that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all His glory shall display ;
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King. Amen.

J. Byrom, 1692–1763

XIV

HARK, the herald Angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King.
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!"
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies!
With the Angelic Host proclaim
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"
Hark! the herald Angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King!

Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the Everlasting Lord!
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb!
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the Incarnate Deity!
Pleased as Man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel!
Hark! the herald Angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King!

Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald Angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King! Amen.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1708–88

XV

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you, in David's town this day,
Is born, of David's line,
A Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:

"The heavenly Babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of Angels praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:—

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace:
Goodwill henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease." Amen.

N. Tate, 1652–1715

The New Year

XVI

PART I

Days and moments quickly flying
  Speed us onward to the dead ;
Soon will you and I be lying
  Each within our narrow bed.

Soon our souls to God Who gave them
  Will have sped their rapid flight :
Able now by grace to save them,
  Oh, that while we can we might.

Jesu, Infinite Redeemer,
  Maker of this mighty frame,
Teach, oh teach us to remember
  What we are, and whence we came ;

Whence we came, and whither wending ;
  Soon we must through darkness go,
To inherit bliss unending,
  Or eternity of woe.

Life passeth soon :
Death draweth near :
Keep us, good Lord,
Till Thou appear ;
With Thee to live,
With Thee to die,
With Thee to reign through eternity !

PART II

As a shadow life is fleeting ;
  As a vapour so it flies ;
For the old year now retreating
  Pardon grant, and make us wise—

Wise that we our days may number,
  Strive and wrestle with our sin,
Stay not in our work nor slumber
  Till Thy glorious rest we win.

Soon before the Judge all glorious
  We with all the dead shall stand ;
Saviour, over death victorious,
  Place us then on Thy right hand.

Life passeth soon :
Death draweth near :
Keep us, good Lord,
Till Thou appear ;
With Thee to live,
With Thee to die,
With Thee to reign through eternity ! Amen.

EDWARD CASWELL, 1814–78

XVII

O God, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Our Shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal Home!

Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come;
Be Thou our Guard while troubles last,
And our eternal Home! Amen.

Rev. Dr. Isaac Watts, 1674–1748

Epiphany

XVIII

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid!

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid!

Amen.

Bishop Heber, 1783–1826

XIX

PART I

Jesu, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy Presence rest.

No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesu's Name,
The Saviour of mankind.

O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who ask how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

Jesu, our only Joy be Thou,
As Thou our Prize wilt be;
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

PART II

O Jesu, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,
Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In Whom all joys are found!

When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

O Jesu, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of living fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire;

Jesu, may all confess Thy Name,
Thy wondrous love adore,
And, seeking Thee, themselves inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

Thee, Jesu, may our voices bless,
Thee may we love alone,
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine Own. Amen.

S. Bernard de Clairvaux, 1091–1153
(tr. Edward Caswell, 1814–78)

XX

How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
  In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
  And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
  And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
  And to the weary rest.

Dear Name! the rock on which I build!
  My shield and hiding-place!
My never-failing treasury, filled
  With boundless stores of grace!

Jesus! my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
  My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
  Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
  And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
  I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I would Thy love proclaim
  With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
  Refresh my soul in death! Amen.

Rev. John Newton, 1725–1807

Lent and Good Friday

XXI

Ah, Head ! so bruised and wounded,
Defiled, and put to scorn ;
In mockery surrounded
With crown of piercing thorn.
Hail Thou—Whose former glory
Is changed and faded now !
Tho' pallid turned and gory,—
Before Thee Angels bow.

All strength, and grace, and vigour,
Have faded hence away,
For Death with cruel rigour
Asserts his tyrant sway.
Thus fainting, weary, wasted,
Reviled, condemned, despised,
Death Thou for me hast tasted,
For me Thou art sacrificed.

In this Thy woe and crying,
Good Shepherd ! think of me,
And by Thy love in dying,
O draw me unto Thee !
And spurn me not, my Saviour,
Tho' I deserve Thy place,
Bend down to me in favour,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

Could I, O Lord most holy,
  My life for Thee lay down
On this Thy cross so lowly,
  That would be my renown.
My spirit longs to bless Thee,
  For this Thy bitter death ;
Here let me now confess Thee,
  And with Thee yield my breath.

When Death appears before me,
  Be Thou my strength and shield,
And let Thy Face shine o'er me
  In pitying love revealed.
Thus, Lord, may I behold Thee,
  And on Thy sufferings dwell ;
While firm by faith I hold Thee ;—
  Who dieth thus, dies well. Amen.

S. Bernard de Clairvaux, 1091–1153
(tr. Rev. Dr. John Cullen, 1836)

XXII

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
"Come to Me"—saith One—"and coming,
Be at rest!"

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns!"

If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past."

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away!"

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,
Answer, Yes!" Amen.

STEPHEN THE SABAITE, 725–94
(tr. REV. DR. NEALE, 1818–66)

XXIII

BENEATH the cross of Jesus I fain would take my stand—
The shadow of a mighty Rock, within a weary land.
A home within the wilderness, a rest upon the way,
From the burning of the noontide heat, and the burden of the day.

O safe and happy shelter, O refuge tried and sweet,
O trysting-place where heaven's love and heaven's justice meet.
As to the lonely Patriarch that wondrous dream was given,
So seems my Saviour's cross to me—a ladder up to heaven.

There lies beneath its shadow, but on the further side,
The darkness of an awful grave that gapes both deep and wide;
And there between us stands the cross, two arms outstretched to save,
Like a watchman set to guard the way from that eternal grave.

Upon that cross of Jesus mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One Who suffered there for me;
And from my smitten heart with tears, two wonders I confess—
The wonders of His glorious love, and my own worthlessness.

I take, O Cross, thy shadow, for my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine than the sunshine of His face;
Content to let the world go by, to know no gain nor loss,—
My sinful self my only shame, my glory all—the Cross. Amen.

E. C. CLEPHANE

XXIV

Bound upon the accursèd Tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is He?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood, and writhing limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled burning thirst,
By the drooping death-dewed brow,
Son of Man! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

Bound upon the accursèd Tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the sun at noon-day pale,
Shivering rocks, and rending veil,
By Earth that trembles at His doom,
By yonder Saints who burst their tomb,
By Eden promised ere He died
To the felon at His side,
Lord! our suppliant knees we bow;
Son of God! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

Bound upon the accursèd Tree,
Sad and dying, who is He?
By the last and bitter cry;
The ghost given up in agony,
By the lifeless Body, laid
In the chamber of the dead;

By the mourners, come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep ;
Crucified ! we know Thee now ;
Son of Man ! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou !

Bound upon the accursèd Tree,
Dread and awful, who is He ?
By the prayer for them that slew,
"Lord, they know not what they do !"
By the spoiled and empty grave,
By the souls He died to save,
By the conquest He hath won,
By the Saints before His throne,
By the rainbow round His brow,
Son of God ! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou ! Amen.

DEAN MILMAN, 1791–1868

XXV

Go to dark Gethsemane,
  Ye that feel the tempter's power ;
Your Redeemer's conflict see ;
  Watch with Him one bitter hour.
Turn not from His griefs away ;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment-hall,
  View the Lord of Life arraigned ;
Oh the wormwood and the gall !
  Oh the pangs His soul sustained !
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb,
  There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
  God's own sacrifice complete :
"It is finished,"—hear the cry ;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb,
  Where they laid His breathless clay ;
All is solitude and gloom ;
  Who hath taken Him away ?
Christ is risen ! He meets our eyes.
Saviour, teach us so to rise ! Amen.

James Montgomery, 1771–1854

XXVI

I FOUND a joy in sorrow, a secret balm for pain,
A calm and holy morrow of sunshine after rain ;
I found a branch of healing near every bitter spring,
A whispered promise stealing o'er every broken string.

I found a glad Hosanna for every woe and wail ;
A handful of sweet manna when grapes of Eshcol fail :
I found the Rock of Ages when desert wells were dry ;
And after weary stages, I found an Elim nigh.

An Elim with its coolness, its fountains and its shade ;
A blessing in its fulness, when buds of promise fade :
O'er tears of soft contrition I see a rainbow light ;
A glory and fruition, so near !—yet out of sight.

My Saviour, Thee possessing, I have the joy, the balm,
The healing and the blessing, the sunshine and the psalm ;
The promise for the fearful, the Elim for the faint ;
The rainbow for the tearful, the glory for the saint !
Amen.

J. CREWDSON, 1809-63

XXVII

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee ;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Perish ev'ry fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heav'n are still my own.

Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast ;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me ;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

Take, my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care :
Joy to find in ev'ry station,
Something still to do or bear :
Think what Spirit dwells within thee ;
What a Father's smile is thine ;
What a Saviour died to win thee ;
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine ?

Haste, then, on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall cease thy earthly mission!
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days!
Hope shall change to full fruition—
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise. **Amen.**

REV. H. F. LYTE, 1793–1847

XXVIII

Oh, come and mourn with me awhile ;
Oh, come ye to the Saviour's side ;
Oh, come, together let us mourn :—
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified !

Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride ?
Ah, look how patiently He hangs !
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified !

Seven times He spake—seven words of love ;
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men :—
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified !

A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied ;
A broken heart love's cradle is ;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified !

Oh, Love of God ! Oh, sin of man !
In this dread act your strength is tried ;
And victory remains with love,
For He, our Love, is crucified !

Rev. F. W. Faber, 1814–63

XXIX

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee ;
Let the Water and the Blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power !

Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands ;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and Thou alone !

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling ;
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly—
Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes are closed in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages ! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee ! Amen.

Rev. A. M. Toplady, 1740–78

XXX

Saviour ! when in dust to Thee
Low we bow the adoring knee,
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,
Oh, by all Thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below ;
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany !

By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power ;
Turn, oh, turn a favouring eye,
Hear our solemn Litany !

By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept ;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode ;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold ;
From Thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn Litany !

By Thine hour of dire despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the Cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn ;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful Sacrifice ;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn Litany !

By Thy deep expiring groan :
By the sad sepulchral stone ;
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God :
Oh, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn Litany ! Amen.

SIR R. GRANT, 1785–1838

XXXI

Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the Cross we spend ;
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.

Rest we here, for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of Blood ;
Precious drops, our souls bedewing,
Plead and claim our peace with God.

Truly blessèd is the station,
Low before His Cross to lie,
While we see Divine compassion
Beaming in His languid eye.

Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix our hearts and eyes on Thee,
Till we taste Thy whole salvation
And unveiled Thy glories see.

For Thy sorrows we adore Thee—
For the grief that wrought our peace—
Gracious Saviour, we implore Thee,
In our hearts Thy love increase.

Unto Thee, the world's Salvation,
Father, Spirit, unto Thee,
Low we bow in adoration,
Ever-blessèd One and Three. Amen.

Hon. W. Shirley and others, 1725–86

XXXII

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me :

'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but Thine. Amen.

W. COWPER, 1731–1800

XXXIII

Thy Life was given for me!
Thy Blood, O Lord, was shed
That I might ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
Thy Life was given for me:—
What have I given for Thee?

Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
Thy glory I might know.
Long years were spent for me:—
Have I spent one for Thee?

Thy Father's home of light,
Thy rainbow-circled Throne,
Were left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.
Yea, all was left for me:—
Have I left aught for Thee?

Thou, Lord, hast borne for me
More than my tongue can tell
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue me from hell.
Thou sufferedst all for me:—
What have I borne for Thee?

And Thou hast brought to me
Down from Thy home above
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and Thy love.
Great gifts Thou broughtest me :—
What have I brought to Thee?

Oh, let my life be given,
My years for Thee be spent ;
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent ;
Thou gav'st Thyself for me ;
I give myself to Thee. Amen.

F. R. Havergal, 1836–79

XXXIV

When I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God!
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to His Blood.

See! from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

To Christ, Who won for sinners grace
By bitter grief and anguish sore,
Be praise from all the ransomed race
For ever and for evermore. Amen.

Rev. Dr. Watts, 1674–1748

XXXV

When our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear:
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

Thou the shame, the grief hast known;
Though the sins were not Thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear:
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

When the sullen death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls,
When our final doom is near,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the Blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier:
Gracious Son of Mary, hear! Amen.

DEAN MILMAN, 1791–1868

Easter

XXXVI

HALLELUIA! HALLELUIA! HALLELUIA!

THE strife is o'er, the battle done:
The victory of Life is won:
The song of triumph has begun,—
Halleluia!

The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shout of holy joy outburst,—
Halleluia!

The three sad days have quickly sped;
He rises glorious from the dead;
All glory to our risen Head!
Halleluia!

He broke the age-bound chains of hell;
The bars from heav'n's high portals fell;
Let songs of praise His triumph tell.
Halleluia!

Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From Death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to Thee
Halleluia! Amen.

Tr. F. POTT, 1832

XXXVII

JESUS lives! Thy terrors now
Can no longer, Death, appal us;
Jesus lives! By this we know
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthral us.
Halleluia!

Jesus lives! Henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Halleluia!

Jesus lives! For us He died:
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Halleluia!

Jesus lives! Our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Halleluia!

Jesus lives! To Him the throne
Over all the world is given;
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
Halleluia! Amen.

C. F. GELLERT, 1715–69 (tr. F. E. COX, 1814)

XXXVIII

Jesus Christ is risen to-day,
Halleluia!
Our triumphant holy day,
Halleluia!
Who did once upon the Cross
Halleluia!
Suffer to redeem our loss.
Halleluia!

Hymns of praise then let us sing
Halleluia!
Unto Christ our heavenly King;
Halleluia!
Who endured the cross and grave,
Halleluia!
Sinners to redeem and save.
Halleluia!

But the pains which He endured
Halleluia!
Our salvation have procured;
Halleluia!
Now above the sky He's King,
Halleluia!
Where the Angels ever sing
Halleluia! Amen.

From the Latin (tr. Anon., 1708)

XXXIX

In the name of Jesus every knee shall bow,
Every tongue confess Him King of Glory now ;
'Tis the Father's pleasure we should call Him Lord,
Who from the beginning was the mighty Word.

At His voice creation sprang at once to sight,
All the Angel faces, all the hosts of light,
Thrones and Dominations, stars upon their way,
All the heavenly Orders, in their grand array !

Humbled for a season to receive a Name
From the lips of sinners, unto whom He came ;
Faithfully He bore it spotless to the last ;
Brought it back victorious when from death He passed.

Name Him, brothers, name Him, with love strong as death,
But with awe and wonder, and with 'bated breath ;
He is God the Saviour, He is Christ the Lord,
Ever to be worshipped, trusted, and adored.

In your hearts enthrone Him, there let Him subdue
All that is not holy, all that is not true ;
Crown Him as your Captain in temptation's hour,
Let His will enfold you in its light and power.

Brothers, this Lord Jesus shall return again
With His Father's glory, with His Angel train ;
For all wreaths of empire meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him King of glory now.

Amen.

C. M. Noel, 1817–77

XL

All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fix'd this earthly ball ;
Now hail the Strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call ;
Praise Him Whose bloodstained path ye trod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall ;
Go spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransom'd of the fall,
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call,
The God Incarnate, Man Divine,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every nation, every tribe,
  His saving grace recall,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
  And crown Him Lord of all.

Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
  We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
  And crown Him Lord of all. Amen.

E. PERRONET, 1726–92

Ascension

XLI

PART I

Crown Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne!
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own.
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him Who died for thee;
And hail Him as thy chosen King
Through all eternity.

Crown Him the Son of God
Before the worlds began,
And ye, who tread where He hath trod,
Crown Him the Son of Man,
Who every grief hath known
That wrings the human breast,
And takes and bears them for His own,
That all in Him may rest.

Crown Him the Lord of life,
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife
For those He came to save;
His glories now we sing
Who died, and rose on high,
Who died,—eternal life to bring,
And lives, that death may die.

Crown Him of lords the Lord,
Who over all doth reign,
Who once on earth the Incarnate Word
For ransomed sinners slain,
Now lives in realms of light,
Where Saints with Angels sing
Their songs before Him day and night,
Their God, Redeemer, King.

Crown Him the Lord of heaven,
Enthroned in worlds above,
Crown Him the King to Whom is given
The wondrous name of Love.
Crown Him with many crowns
As thrones before Him fall;
Crown Him, ye kings, with many crowns,
For He is King of all.

REV. G. THRING, 1823

PART II

Crown Him the Virgin's Son!
The God Incarnate born,
Whose arm those crimson trophies won
Which now His brow adorn.
Fruit of the Mystic Rose,
As of that Rose the Stem,
The Root whence mercy ever flows,—
The Babe of Bethlehem!

Crown Him the Lord of love!
Behold His hands and side,
Those wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified:

No Angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

Crown Him the Lord of peace!
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
Absorbed in prayer and praise.
His reign shall know no end;
And round His piercèd feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

Crown Him the Lord of years!
Sole Potentate of Time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime!
Glassed in a sea of light
Where everlasting waves
Reflect His throne—the Infinite!
Who lives and loves and saves.

Crown Him the Lord of heaven,
One with the Father known,
And the Blest Spirit through Him given
From yonder Triune throne.
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me:
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity! Amen.

M. Bridges, 1800–94

XLII

THE Head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now :
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings, the Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light.

The Joy of all who dwell above,
The Joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His Name to know.

To them the Cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given :
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above ;
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

The Cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him ;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme. Amen.

T. KELLY, 1769–1855

Whitsuntide

XLIII

Come, Holy Ghost! our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire.

Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

Thy blessèd unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

Enable, with perpetual light,
The dulness of our blinded sight.

Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of Thy grace.

Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
Where Thou art Guide, no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of Both, to be but One,

That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song:

Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit! Amen.

From the Latin (tr. Bishop Cosin, 1594–1672)

XLIV

Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee, we covet most
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost
Holy, heavenly Love.

Faith, that mountains could remove,
Tongues of earth or heaven above,
Knowledge—all things—empty prove
Without heavenly Love.

Though I as a martyr bleed,
Give my goods the poor to feed,
All is vain, if love I need;
Therefore, give me Love.

Love is kind, and suffers long;
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong;
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore, give us Love.

Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
Therefore, give us Love.

Faith and Hope and Love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is Love.

From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
Holy heavenly Love. Amen.

Bishop Chr. Wordsworth, 1807–85

XLV

Holy Spirit! heavenly Dove,
Come in power, breathe life and love;
Show to us the Saviour's Face,
Testify of truth and grace.
Cleanse each thought, control each word,
All Thy gracious aid afford;
And our lives henceforth shall be
Bright and beautiful in Thee!

We are dark, be Thou our light;
We are weak, be Thou our might;
We are sinful, make us pure;
We are wavering, us assure;
We are weary, give us rest;
We are lonely, be our Guest;
We are anxious, end our strife;
We are dying, grant us life.

Love implant in us, O Lord,
Joy in Christ to each accord;
In His *Peace* let all be blest,
With *Long-suffering* send us rest.
Gentleness and *Goodness* give,
Faith bestow that we may live;
Teach us *Meekness* every hour,
Self-control increase in power.

This Thy fruit, in loved ones grown,
Nourished is by Thee alone ;
Thou the Living Spirit art,
Unto us Thy life impart ;
And, when earthly fruit is dust,
Thine shall flourish in the just,
Lord ! this fruit from Thee is found,
Let it in our lives abound. Amen.

Rev. Dr. John Cullen, 1836

XLVI

Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed
With us to dwell.

He came in semblance of a dove,
With sheltering wings outspread,
The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.

He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind He came,
To cleanse, renew.

He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see :
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee !

O praise the Father ; praise the Son ;
Blest Spirit, praise to Thee ;
All praise to God, the Three in One,
The One in Three. Amen.

H. Auber, 1773–1862

Trinity Sunday

XLVII

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

Holy, Holy, Holy! All the Saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, Holy, Holy! Though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in earth and sky and sea.
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity! Amen.

Bishop Heber, 1783–1826

XLVIII

FATHER of heaven, Whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy saving grace extend.

Eternal Spirit, by Whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy quickening power extend.

Jehovah,—Father, Spirit, Son,—
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
Grace, pardon, life to us extend. Amen.

E. COOPER, 1771-1833

All Saints' Day

XLIX

For all the Saints who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confest,
Thy Name, Lord Jesus, be for ever blest.
Halleluia!

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou in the darkness drear their one true Light.
Halleluia;

Oh! may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the Saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.
Halleluia!

Oh, blest communion! Fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle; they in glory shine!
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Halleluia!

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong!
Halleluia!

The golden evening brightens in the west :
Soon, soon, to faithful warriors cometh rest ;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
Halleluia !

But lo ! there breaks a yet more glorious day ;
The Saints triumphant rise in bright array ;
The King of Glory passes on His way !
Halleluia !

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—
Halleluia ! Amen.

Bishop W. W. How, 1823–97

L

How bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

Lo! these are they, from sufferings great,
Who came to realms of light;
And in the Blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.

His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad Hosannas ring.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor sun with scorching ray;
God is their Sun, Whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

The Lamb Which dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

In pastures green He'll lead His flock
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear. Amen.

Rev. Dr. Watts, 1674–1748

Holy Baptism

LI

In token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,
We print the Cross upon thee here,
And stamp thee His alone.

In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in His Name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His glory and His shame.

In token that thou shalt not flinch
Christ's quarrel to maintain,
But 'neath His banner manfully
Firm at thy post remain.

In token that thou, too, shalt tread
The path He travelled by;
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high;

Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for His own;
And may the brow that wears His Cross
Hereafter share His Crown. Amen.

Dean Alford, 1810–71

Confirmation

LII

Lord, shall Thy children come to Thee?—
A boon of love divine we seek;—
Brought to Thine arms in infancy,
Ere heart could feel or tongue could speak,
Thy children pray, on bended knee,
That they may come themselves to Thee.

Lord, shall we come?—and come again?—
Oft as we see yon Table spread,
And—tokens of Thy dying pain—
The Wine poured out, the broken Bread,
Bless, bless, O Lord, Thy children's prayer,
That they may come and find Thee there.

Lord, shall we come?—not thus alone
At holy time, or solemn rite,
But every hour till life be flown,
Through weal or woe, in gloom or light—
Come to Thy throne of grace,—that we,
In faith, hope, love, confirmed may be.

Lord, shall we come?—come yet again?—
Thy children ask one blessing more;—
To come, not now alone,—but then
When life, and death, and time are o'er,
Then, then to come, O Lord, and be
Again confirmed in heaven by Thee. Amen.

Bishop S. Hinds, 1793–1872

Holy Communion

LIII

HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face ;
Here would I touch and handle things unseen ;
Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

Here would I feed upon the Bread of God ;
Here drink with Thee the royal Wine of heaven ;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

I have no help but Thine ; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon ;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed ;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness ;
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing Blood :
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace—
Thy Blood, Thy Righteousness, O Lord, my God !
Amen.

REV. DR. BONAR, 1808–89

LIV

My God, and is Thy Table spread,
And does Thy Cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

Hail, sacred Feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His Flesh and Blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred Stream, that heavenly Food.

Why are its dainties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed?
Was not for you the Victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's Bread?

Oh, let Thy Table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests,
And may each soul salvation see
That here its sacred pledges tastes!

Revive Thy dying Churches, Lord!
And bid our drooping graces live;
And more, that energy afford
A Saviour's love alone can give. Amen.

REV. DR. DODDRIDGE, 1702-51

LV

My heart is resting, O my God, I will give thanks and sing;
My heart is at the secret source of every precious thing.

Now the frail vessel Thou hast made, no hand but Thine shall fill;
The waters of the earth have failed, and I am thirsty still.

I thirst for springs of heavenly life, and here all day they rise;
I seek the treasure of Thy love, and close at hand it lies.

And a new song is in my mouth, to long-loved music set:—
"Glory to Thee for all the grace I have not tasted yet!

"Glory to Thee for strength withheld, for want and weakness known,—
The fear that sends me to Thyself for what is most my own!"

I have a heritage of joy that yet I must not see;
The Hand that bled to make it mine is keeping it for me.

There is a certainty of love, that sets my heart at rest;
A calm assurance day by day, that what He sends is best.

A prayer, reposing on His truth, Who hath made all things mine;
That draws my captive will to Him, and makes it one with Thine. Amen. A. L. WARING, 1820

Harvest

LVI

Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin:
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:—
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!

All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

Even so, Lord, quickly come
To Thy final Harvest-Home!
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There, for ever, purified,
In Thy Presence to abide:
Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-Home! Amen.

DEAN ALFORD, 1810–71

For those at Sea

LVII

ETERNAL Father! strong to save,
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep:
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

O Saviour! Whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid its rage didst sleep:
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

O Sacred Spirit! Who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,
And gavest light and life and peace:
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
And ever let there rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.
Amen.

W. WHITING, 1825–78

Home Missions

LVIII

Lord, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free,
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some drops descend on me—Even me.

Pass me not, O gracious Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me—Even me.

Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favour;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh call me—Even me.

Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesu's merit,
Speak the word of power to me—Even me.

Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh forgive and rescue me—Even me.

Love of God, so pure and changeless ;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free ;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me—Even me.

Pass me not ; this lost one bringing,
'Tis but one more, Lord, for Thee ;
All my heart to Thee is springing,
Blessing others, oh bless me—Even me.

Amen.

E. CODNER, 1860

LIX

O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb. Amen.

W. COWPER, 1731–1800

Foreign Missions

LX

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Java's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone!

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! Oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's Name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign! Amen.

BISHOP HEBER, 1783–1826

LXI

LORD, her watch Thy Church is keeping;
When shall earth Thy rule obey?
When shall end the night of weeping?
When shall break the promised day?
See the whitening harvest languish,
Waiting still the labourers' toil;
Was it vain—Thy Son's deep anguish?
Shall the strong retain the spoil?

Tidings, sent to every creature,
Millions yet have never heard;
Can they hear without a preacher?
Lord Almighty, give the word:
Give the word; in every nation
Let the Gospel trumpet sound,
Witnessing a world's salvation
To the earth's remotest bound.

Then the end: Thy Church completed,
All Thy chosen gathered in,
With their King in glory seated,
Satan bound, and banished sin:
Gone for ever parting, weeping,
Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain;—
Lo! her watch Thy Church is keeping;
Come, Lord Jesu, come to reign. Amen.

REV. H. DOWNTON, 1818–85

LXII

Saviour, sprinkle many nations,
Fruitful let Thy sorrows be ;
By Thy pains and consolations,
Draw the Gentiles unto Thee.
Of Thy Cross the wondrous story,
Be it to the nations told ;
Let them see Thee in Thy glory
And Thy mercy manifold.

Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast ;
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest.
Thirsting as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
Thee they seek, as God of heaven,
Thee, as Man for sinners slain.

Saviour, lo ! the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand, and strained the sight,
For Thy Spirit new creating,
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light.
Give the word ! and of the preacher
Speed the foot and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung ! Amen.

Bishop Coxe, 1818–96

The National Church

LXIII

God bless the Church of England, which kept Thy truth of old;
Bring back her wandering people, and lead them to her fold.
Away from her they wander in waywardness and strife;
O bring them back to praise Thee, Who art her Light and Life!

God bless the Church of England with every gift and grace,
And always lift upon her the brightness of Thy Face.
For her and all her children, Thee, Father, we invoke;
Keep her, O Lord, for ever secure from foreign yoke!

God bless the Church of England, from error keep her free,
And heresy and schism, by steadfast faith in Thee!
From all who now assail her, without her and within,
Protect her, Heavenly Father, and pardon all their sin.

God bless the Church of England, where'er her people be,
On continent or island, far over land and sea.
Increase her zeal to labour in sending forth Thy Word,
Till every tribe and nation shall own Thee God and Lord!

God bless the Church of England ; as one may she remain
With all her daughter Churches, and so Thy power maintain.
Our Mother Church of England ! may Heaven's Almighty Hand
For ever guard and keep her,—the blessing of the Land ! Amen. Rev. Dr. John Cullen, 1836

General Hymns

LXIV

Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With Angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

"Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply ;
"For He was slain for us!"

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine ;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift His glories high,
In songs that never cease.

The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb. Amen.

Rev. Dr. Watts, 1674–1748

LXV

"For ever with the Lord!"
Amen, so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
And nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
The golden gates appear!
Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of Saints,
Jerusalem above.

I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour—
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower—
Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

"For ever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil;
Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;
Fight, and I must prevail!

So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"For ever with the Lord!" Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771–1854

LXVI

God moves in a mysterious way
  His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
  And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
  Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs
  And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful Saints, fresh courage take ;
  The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
  In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
  But trust Him for His grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
  Faith sees a Father's face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
  Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
  But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
  And scan His work in vain ;
God is His own interpreter,
  And He will make it plain. Amen.

W. Cowper, 1731–1800

LXVII

God is a stronghold and a tower,
A help that never faileth,
A covering shield, a sword of power,
When Satan's host assaileth.
In vain our crafty foe
Still strives to work us woe,
Still lurks and lies in wait
With more than earthly hate;
We will not faint, nor tremble.

Frail sinners are we;—nought remains
For hope or consolation,
Save in His strength Whom God ordains
Our Captain of salvation.
Yes, Jesus Christ alone
The Lord of hosts we own,
God ere the world began,
The Word-made-flesh for man,
Still conquering, and to conquer.

Though fiercely strive the hosts of ill
Within us, and around us,
With fiendish strength, and fiendish skill,
Yet ne'er may they confound us.
Man's night of dark despair,
When storm-clouds fill the air,
Is God's triumphal hour,
The noonday of His power;
One word, and He prevaileth.

Our Father's truth abideth sure ;
Christ, our Redeemer, liveth ;
For us He pleads His offering pure,
To us His Spirit giveth.
Though dear ones pass away,
Though strength and life decay,
Yet loss shall be our gain,
For God doth still remain
Our All-in-all for ever. Amen.

DR. MARTIN LUTHER, 1483–1546
(tr. E. WORDSWORTH, 1840)

LXVIII

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath Whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine,
  Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
  Lest we forget, lest we forget.

Far-called, our navies melt away,
On dune and head-land sinks the fire ;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre ;
  Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
  Lest we forget, lest we forget.

The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart,
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
  Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
  Lest we forget, lest we forget.

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues which have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the Law,
  Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
  Lest we forget, lest we forget.

For heathen heart that puts her trust
On reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And, guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
  For frantic boast and foolish word,
  Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord ! Amen.

R. Kipling, 1865

LXIX

HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?

"I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

"Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

"Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

"Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?"

Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee, and adore;
Oh for grace to love Thee more. Amen.

W. COWPER, 1731–1800

LXX

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

Apostles, Martyrs, Prophets there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end
When I thy joys shall see. Amen.

J. BROMEHEAD, 18th century

LXXI

Jesu, Lover of my soul,
  Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
  While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
  Till the storm of life is past:
Safe into the haven guide,
  Oh, receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none.
  Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave—ah! leave me not alone,
  Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
  All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
  With the shadow of Thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
  More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
  Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy Name:
  I am all unrighteousness:
Vile and full of sin I am;
  Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
  Grace to cover all my sin!
Let the healing streams abound,
  Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of light the fountain art,
  Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart;
  Rise to all eternity. Amen.

Rev. C. Wesley, 1707–88

LXXII

JUST as I am, without one plea
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, Whose Blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, of that great love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come. Amen.

C. ELLIOTT, 1789–1871

LXXIII

Long did I toil, and knew no earthly rest,
Far did I rove, and found no certain home,
At last I sought them in His sheltering breast,
Who opes His arms, and bids the weary come:
With Him I found a home, a rest divine,
And I since then am His, and He is mine.

The good I have is from His stores supplied;
The ill is only what He deems the best;
He for my Friend, I'm rich with nought beside;
And poor without Him, though of all possessed:
Changes may come; I take, or I resign,
Content, while I am His, while He is mine.

Whate'er may change, in Him no change is seen:
A glorious Sun that wanes not nor declines:
Above the clouds and storms He walks serene,
And sweetly on His people's darkness shines:
All may depart; I fret not, nor repine,
While I my Saviour's am, while He is mine.

While here, alas! I know but half His love,
But half discern Him, and but half adore:
But when I meet Him in the realms above
I hope to love Him better, praise Him more,
And feel, and tell, amid the choir divine,
How fully I am His, and He is mine. Amen.

Rev. H. F. Lyte, 1793–1847

LXXIV

Let me be with Thee where Thou art
My Saviour, my eternal rest:
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and for ever blest.

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Thine unveiled glory to behold;
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be faithless, treacherous, cold.

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where spotless Saints Thy Name adore,
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where none can die, where none remove;
There neither life nor death will part
From Thee, Thy Presence, and Thy love!

Amen.

C. Elliott, 1789–1871

LXXV

My God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home in life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done!

Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done!

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
Thy will be done!

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine,
I only yield Thee what was Thine;
Thy will be done!

If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
Thy will be done!

Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine; and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done!

Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done! Amen.

C. Elliott, 1789–1871

LXXVI

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song would be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me—
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Then let the way appear
Steps unto heaven,
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Beth-el I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee. Amen.

S. F. Adams, 1805-48

LXXVII

O Lord, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could rest;
And feel at heart that One above
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

How far from this our daily life!
How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms!
Oh, could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On Thy almighty arms!

Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God;
Then rise with lightened cheer,
Sure that the Father, Who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear.

We cannot trust Him as we should;
So chafes frail nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away;
Yet birds and flowerets round us preach,
All, all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers;
Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before Him lying still,
E'en in affliction, peace. Amen.

Rev. J. Anstice, 1808–36

LXXVIII

Oft in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go,
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of Life.

Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war and face the foe!
Faint not! Much doth yet remain,
Dreary is the long campaign.

Shrink not, Christians! Will ye yield?
Will ye quit the painful field?
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Victory soon shall tune our song.

Let not sorrow dim your eye;
Soon shall every tear be dry:
Let not woe your course impede;
Great your strength, if great your need.

Onward then to battle move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go. **Amen.**

H. K. White and others, 1785–1806

LXXIX

Oh ! for a heart to praise my God ;
A heart from sin set free ;
A heart that's sprinkled with the Blood
So freely spilt for me :

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne ;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus rules alone !

Oh ! for a humble, lowly heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him Who dwells within :

A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine ;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine !

Thy Nature, gracious Lord, impart ;
Come quickly from above ;
Write Thy new Name upon my heart,
Thy new, best Name of Love. Amen.

Rev. C. Wesley, 1707–88

LXXX

Oh ! for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace !

Jesus ! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease ;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life and health and peace !

He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free ;
His Blood can make the foulest clean ;
His Blood availed for me.

He speaks ! and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive ;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice ;
The humble poor believe.

Hear Him, ye deaf ! His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ !
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come !
And leap, ye lame, for joy !

My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
And spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of Thy Name. Amen.

Rev. C. Wesley, 1707–88

LXXXI

Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The Blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

It is enough; earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace. Amen.

Bishop E. H. Bickersteth, 1825–1906

LXXXII

Pleasant are Thy courts above
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below
In this land of sin and woe.
Oh, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy Saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
King of Glory, God of grace!

Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In a Heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair
And enjoy it ever there.

Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies:
On they go from strength to strength
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

Lord ! be mine this prize to win ;
Guide me through a world of sin ;
Keep me by Thy saving grace ;
Give me at Thy side a place.
Sun and Shield alike Thou art ;
Guide and guard my erring heart.
Grace and glory flow from Thee ;
Shower, oh, shower them, Lord, on me !

Amen.

Rev. H. F. Lyte, 1793–1847

LXXXIII

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways!

O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive, and should prevail!

And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's Presence and His very Self,
And Essence all-Divine!

O generous love! that He, Who smote
In man for man the foe,
The double agony in man
For man should undergo;

And in the garden secretly,
And on the Cross on high,
Should teach His brethren and inspire
To suffer and to die!

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways. Amen.

Rev. Dr. Newman, 1801–90

LXXXIV

Souls of men, why will ye scatter like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Foolish hearts! why will ye wander from a love so true and deep?
Was there ever kindest shepherd half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour, Who would have us come and gather round His feet?

It is God! His love looks mighty, but is mightier than it seems;
'Tis our Father, and His fondness goes far out beyond our dreams.
There's a wideness in God's mercy, like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice, which is more than liberty.

There is no place where earth's sorrows are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings have such kindly judgment given.
There is welcome for the sinner, and more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour; there is healing in His blood.

There is grace enough for thousands of new worlds as great as this;
There is room for fresh creations in that upper home of bliss.
For the love of God is broader than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal is most wonderfully kind.

Pining souls! come nearer Jesus, and, O! come not doubting thus,
But with faith that trusts more bravely His great tenderness for us.
If our faith were but more simple, we should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine in the sweetness of our Lord. Amen.

Rev. F. W. Faber, 1814–63

LXXXV

Sowing the seed by the daylight fair,
Sowing the seed by the noonday glare ;
Sowing the seed by the fading light,
Sowing the seed in the solemn night :
Oh, what shall the harvest be ?
Oh, what shall the harvest be ?
Sown in the darkness or sown in the light,
Sown in our weakness or sown in our might.
Gathered in time or eternity,
Sure, ah, sure will the harvest be.

Sowing the seed by the wayside high,
Sowing the seed on the rocks to die ;
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,
Sowing the seed in the fertile soil :
Oh, what shall the harvest be ?
Oh, what shall the harvest be ?
Sown in the darkness, etc.

Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain ;
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame :
Oh, what shall the harvest be ?
Oh, what shall the harvest be ?
Sown in the darkness, etc.

Sowing the seed with an aching heart,
Sowing the seed while the tear drops start,
Sowing in hope till the reapers come,
Gladly to gather the harvest home :
Oh, what shall the harvest be ?
Oh, what shall the harvest be ?
Sown in the darkness, etc. Amen.

P. P. Bliss, 1838–76

LXXXVI

TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee ;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise ;
Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love ;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and "beautiful" for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King ;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee ;
Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold ;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine !
Take my heart, it *is* Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne ;
Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store ;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, *only*, ALL for Thee. Amen.

F. R. HAVERGAL, 1836 79

LXXXVII

The Church's One Foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord :
She is His new creation
By water and the word :
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy Bride,
With His own Blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one Faith, one Birth ;
One Holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one Holy Food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest ;
Yet Saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long ?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won.
Oh, happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee! Amen.

Rev. S. J. Stone, 1839–1900

LXXXVIII

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain ;
His blood-red banner streams afar :
Who follows in His train ?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave ;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save.
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong :
Who follows in His train ?

A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came :
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane ;
They bowed their necks the death to feel :
Who follows in their train ?

A noble army—men and boys,
The matron and the maid—
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain ;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train ! Amen.

BISHOP R. HEBER, 1783–1826

LXXXIX

Ten thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
'Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin:
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

What rush of Hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky;
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made;
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!

Oh then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain,
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power and reign:
Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home;
Show in the heavens Thy promised sign;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come. Amen.

DEAN ALFORD, 1810–71

XC

PART I

THE world is very evil, the times are waxing late,
Be sober and keep vigil, the Judge is at the gate ;

The Judge Who comes in mercy, the Judge Who comes with might,
To terminate the evil, to diadem the right.

Arise, arise, good Christian, let right to wrong succeed ;
Let penitential sorrow to heavenly gladness lead,

To light that hath no evening, that knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden, the light that is but one :—

O home of fadeless splendour, of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children who here as exiles mourn ;

'Midst power that knows no limit, and wisdom free from bound,
The beatific Vision shall glad the Saints around.

The peace of all the faithful, the calm of all the blest,
Inviolate, unvaried, divinest, sweetest, best ;

Yes, peace !—for war is needless,—yes, calm !—for
storm is past,—
And goal from finished labour, and anchorage at last.

O happy, holy portion, refection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty, sweet cure of the distrest !

Strive, man, to win that glory ; toil, man, to gain that
light ;
Send hope before to grasp it, till hope be lost in sight.
Amen.

PART II

Brief life is here our portion ; brief sorrow, short-
lived care ;
The life that knows no ending, the tearless life, is
there.

O happy retribution ! short toil, eternal rest ;
For mortals and for sinners a mansion with the blest !

There grief is turned to pleasure ; such pleasure as
below
No human voice can utter, no human heart can know.

And after earthly evil, and after this world's night,
And after storm and whirlwind, is calm, and joy, and
light.

And now we fight the battle, but then shall wear the
crown
Of full and everlasting and passionless renown ;

And now we watch and struggle, and now we live in hope,
And Sion in her anguish with Babylon must cope ;—

But He Whom now we trust in shall then be seen and known ;
And they that know and see Him shall have Him for their own.

Then God, our King and Portion, in fulness of His grace,
Shall we behold for ever, and worship face to face.
Amen.

PART III

For thee, O dear, dear country, mine eyes their vigils keep ;
For very love, beholding thy happy name, they weep :

The mention of thy glory is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness, and love, and life, and rest.

O one, O only mansion ! O Paradise of joy !
Where tears are ever banished, and smiles have no alloy ;

Beside thy living waters all plants are, great and small,
The cedar of the forest, the hyssop of the wall :—

With jasper glow thy bulwarks, thy streets with emeralds blaze,
The sardius and the topaz unite in thee their rays ;

Thine ageless walls are bonded with amethyst unpriced ;
The Saints thy golden fabric, thy corner-stone is Christ.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean ! thou hast no time, bright day !
Dear fountain of refreshment to pilgrims far away.

Upon the Rock of ages they raise thy holy tower ;
Thine is the victor's laurel, and thine the golden dower.

O sweet and blessèd country, shall I thy glories see ?
O sweet and blessèd country, is such a prize for me ?

Exult, O dust and ashes, the Lord shall be thy part :
His only, His for ever, thou shalt be, and thou art.
Amen.

PART IV

Jerusalem the golden ! with milk and honey blest !
Beneath thy contemplation sink heart and voice oppressed.

I know not, oh I know not, what joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory, what light beyond compare !

They stand, those halls of Sion, all jubilant with song ;
And bright with many an Angel and all the martyr throng.

The Prince is ever in them, the daylight is serene ;
The pastures of the blessèd are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David, and there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph, the song of them that feast :

And they, who with their Leader have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever are clad in robes of white.

Jerusalem the glorious ! the glory of the elect !
O dear and future vision that eager hearts expect !

E'en now by faith I see thee : e'en here thy walls discern :
To thee my thoughts are kindled, and strive, and pant, and yearn.

O mine, O golden Sion ! yea, brighter far than gold !
O sweet and blessèd country, shall I thy joys behold ?

Rejoice ! O dust and ashes ! Rejoice !—O joy divine !—
That God is now thy Portion, both now and ever thine.

Amen.

S. Bernard de Morleix, 12th century
(tr. Rev. Dr. J. M. Neale, 1818–66)

XCI

THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold:
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold,
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

"Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine:
Are they not enough for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "This of Mine
Has wandered away from Me;
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find My sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry,
Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

And all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice, I have found My sheep."
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own." Amen

E. C. CLEPHANE, 1830–69

XCII

THERE is a land of pure delight
Where Saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore. Amen.

REV. DR. WATTS, 1674–1748

XCIII

THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land.

Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding Light:
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

One the Light of God's own Presence
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:

One the object of our journey,
One the Faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the Hope our God inspires.

One the strain the lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun:

One the gladness of rejoicing,
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward, with the Cross our aid!
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade!

Soon shall come the great awaking;
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then, the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom! Amen.

B. S. Ingeman, 1789–1862
(tr. Rev. S. B. Gould, 1834)

XCIV

When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From Whom those comforts flowed.

When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk
Revived my soul with grace.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue,
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise. Amen.

J. Addison, 1672–1719

XCV

WEARY of earth, and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven, and long to enter in,
But there no evil thing may find a home:
And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that Holy Land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the Blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the Throne.

Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord;
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown;
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down!

O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of Thy righteousness. Amen.

REV. S. J. STONE, 1839–1900

XCVI

When the weary, seeking rest,
To Thy goodness flee;
When the heavy laden cast
All their load on Thee;
When the troubled, seeking peace,
On Thy Name shall call;
When the sinner, seeking life,
At Thy feet shall fall:
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling place on high.

When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above;
When the prodigal looks back
At his father's love;
When the proud man, in his pride,
Stoops to seek Thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace:
Hear then, in love, etc.

When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee:
Hear then, in love, etc.

When the man of toil and care,
In the city crowd ;
When the shepherd on the moor
Names the name of God ;
When the learnèd and the high,
Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
Name the blessèd Name :
Hear then, in love, etc.

When the child, with grave fresh lip,
Youth or maiden fair ;
When the agèd, weak, and grey,
Seek Thy face in prayer ;
When the widow weeps to Thee,
Sad and lone and low ;
When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan woe :
Hear then, in love, etc.

When creation, in her pangs,
Heaves her heavy groan ;
When Thy Salem's exiled sons
Breathe their bitter moan ;
When Thy widowed weeping Church,
Looking for a home,
Sendeth up her silent sigh,
Come, Lord Jesus ! come !
Hear then, in love, etc. Amen.

Rev. Dr. Bonar, 1808–89

XCVII

When wounded sore the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a pierced hand,
Can salve the sinner's wound.

When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of Blood,
Can wash away the blot.

'Tis Jesus' Blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief,
His heart that's touched with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.

Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord,
Unseal that cleansing Tide;
We have no shelter from our sin
But in Thy wounded side. Amen.

C. F. Alexander, 1823–95

Children's Hymns

XCVIII

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart with influence sweet
Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.

O Thou, Whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine:

Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own. Amen.

Bishop Heber, 1783–1826

XCIX

I LOVE to hear the story
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of glory
Came down on earth to dwell ;
I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me,
Because He loved me so.
I love to hear the story, etc.

I know my blessèd Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be ;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because He loves me so.
I love to hear the story, etc.

To sing His love and mercy
My sweetest songs I raise ;
And, though I cannot see Him,
I know He hears my praise ;
For He has kindly promised
That even I may go
To sing among His angels,
Because He loves me so.
I love to hear the story, etc. Amen.

E. MILLER, 1833

C

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.

All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell. Amen.

M. L. Duncan, 1814–40

APPENDIX

As many lovers of Hymns would be disappointed at not finding some of their favourites in the "hundred best," we append here several others which may rank among the "best."

"Bless the Lord, O my Soul:
And all that is within me,
Bless His holy Name."

APPENDIX

And now, O Father, mindful of the love
That bought us, once for all, on Calvary's Tree,
And having with us Him that pleads above,
We here present, we here spread forth to Thee
That only Offering perfect in Thine eyes,
The one true, pure, immortal Sacrifice.

Look, Father, look on His anointed face,
And only look on us as found in Him;
Look not on our misusings of Thy grace,
Our prayer so languid, and our faith so dim:
For lo! between our sins and their reward
We set the Passion of Thy Son our Lord.

And then for those, our dearest and our best,
By this prevailing presence we appeal;
O fold them closer to Thy mercy's breast,
O do Thine utmost for their souls' true weal;
From tainting mischief keep them white and clear,
And crown Thy gifts with strength to persevere.

And so we come; O draw us to Thy feet,
Most patient Saviour, Who canst love us still;
And by this Food, so awful and so sweet,
Deliver us from every touch of ill:
In Thine own service make us glad and free,
And grant us never more to part with Thee.

Amen.

Rev. Dr. Bright, 1824–1901

A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day ;
Oh wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day ;
Oh wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease
And surges swell no more.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day ;
Oh wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
Oh wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath day.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day;
Oh wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

'Tis but a little while,
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, Who lives
That we with Him may reign.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
Oh wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away. Amen.

REV. DR. BONAR, 1808-89

As pants the heart for cooling streams
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine:
O, when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty Divine?

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him Who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

TATE AND BRADY, 1696

Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create and He destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love ;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move. Amen.

Rev. Dr. Watts, 1674–1748

"CHRISTIAN! seek not yet repose,"
Hear thy guardian Angel say;
"Thou art in the midst of foes;
Watch and pray."

Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours:
Watch and pray.

Gird thy heav'nly armour on,
Wear it ever night and day;
Ambush'd lies the evil one;
Watch and pray.

Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with one sweet voice exclaim,
"Watch and pray."

Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word,
"Watch and pray."

Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray, that help may be sent down;
Watch and pray. Amen.

C. ELLIOTT, 1789–1871

FATHER, I know that all my life
  Is portioned out for me ;
And the changes that are sure to come
  I do not fear to see :
But I ask Thee for a present mind,
  Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
  Through constant watching wise
To meet the glad with joyful smiles
  And wipe the weeping eyes ;
And a heart at leisure from itself
  To soothe and sympathise.

I would not have the restless will
  That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
  Or secret thing to know ;
I would be treated as a child,
  And guided where to go.

Wherever in the world I am,
  In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
  To keep and cultivate ;
And a work of lowly love to do
  For the Lord on Whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee;
More careful—not to serve Thee much—
But to please Thee perfectly.

There are briars besetting every path
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee
Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy love appoints
There are no bonds for me,
For my inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty. Amen.

A. L. Waring, 1820

Fight the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right ;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

Run the straight race through God's good grace ;
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face.
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide ;
His boundless mercy will provide ;
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

Faint not, nor fear, His arms are near ;
He changeth not, and thou art dear ;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee. Amen.

Rev. Dr. Monsell, 1811–75

Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son ;
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth ;
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth :
Before Him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go ;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

Arabia's desert-ranger
To Him shall bow the knee :
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see.
With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring ;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing.

For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

To Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end :
The mountain dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His Name shall stand for ever,
His changeless Name of love. Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771–1854

I ASK'D the Lord, that I might grow
In faith, and love, and ev'ry grace ;
Might more of His salvation know,
And seek more earnestly His face.

'Twas He Who taught me thus to pray,
And He, I trust, has answer'd prayer ;
But it has been in such a way,
As almost drove me to despair.

I hop'd that in some favour'd hour,
At once He'd answer my request,
And by His love's constraining power
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

Instead of this, He made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart ;
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in ev'ry part.

Yea more, with His own hand He seem'd
Intent to aggravate my woe ;
Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd,
Blasted my gourds and laid me low.

"Lord, why is this?" I trembling cried,
"Wilt Thou pursue Thy worm to death?"
"'Tis in this way," the Lord replied,
"I answer prayer for grace and faith.

"These inward trials I employ,
From self and pride to set thee free ;
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou mayst seek thy all in Me."

REV. I. NEWTON, 1725–1807

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast":
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one;
Stoop down, and drink, and live":
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright":
I look'd to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done. Amen.

REV. DR. BONAR, 1808–89

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God ;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursèd load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

I lay my wants on Jesus,
All fulness dwells in Him ;
He heals all my diseases ;
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares :
He from them all releases ;
He all my sorrows shares.

I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine ;
His right hand me embraces ;
I on His breast recline.
I love the Name of Jesus,
Emmanuel, Christ the Lord ;
Like fragrance on the breezes
His Name abroad is poured.

I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's Holy Child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing, with saints, His praises,
To learn the angels' song. Amen.

REV. DR. BONAR, 1808–89

JESUS calls us ; o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow Me" :

As of old Saint Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turn'd from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love Me more than these."

Jesus calls us : by Thy mercies,
Saviour, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all. Amen.

C. F. ALEXANDER, 1828–95

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on ;
The night is dark, and I am far from home ;
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on ;
I loved to choose and see my path ; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those Angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Amen.

REV. DR. NEWMAN, 1801–90

Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind ;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us sound His Name abroad,
For of gods He is the God ;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light ;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

All things living He doth feed ;
His full hand supplies their need ;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He His chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness ;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He hath with a piteous eye
Looked upon our misery ;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us then with gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind ;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure. Amen.

John Milton, 1600–74

Now thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In Whom His world rejoices;
Who from our mothers' arms
Hath bless'd us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

O, may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplex'd,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him Who reigns
With Them in highest heaven,
The One Eternal God,
Whom earth and heav'n adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

MARTIN RINCKART, 1586–1649
(tr. C. WINKWORTH, 1829–78)

O God of Bethel, by Whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led,

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

Oh spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore,
And Thou shalt be our chosen God
And portion evermore. Amen.

Rev. Dr. Doddridge, 1702-51

Oh worship the King,
All-glorious above;
Oh gratefully sing
His power and His love;
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of days,
Pavilion'd in splendour,
And girded with praise.

Oh tell of His might,
Oh sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath
The deep thunder clouds form,
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.

The earth with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power
Hath founded of old;
Hath stablish'd it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light;

It streams from the hills,
  It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
  In the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust,
  And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
  Nor find Thee to fail ;
Thy mercies how tender !
  How firm to the end !
Our Maker, Defender,
  Redeemer, and Friend.

O measureless Might,
  Ineffable Love,
While Angels delight
  To hymn Thee above,
Thy humbler creation,
  Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
  Shall sing to Thy praise. Amen.

SIR R. GRANT, 1785–1838

O COME, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem ;
Come and behold Him
Born the King of Angels ;
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo ! He abhors not the Virgin's womb ;
Very God,
Begotten, not created ;
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

Sing, choirs of Angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above :
"Glory to God
In the highest" ;
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

Yea, Lord, we greet thee,
Born this happy morning ;
Jesu, to Thee be glory given,
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing.
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

Amen.

From the Latin (tr. REV. F. OAKELEY)

On the Resurrection morning
Soul and body meet again ;
No more sorrow, no more weeping,
No more pain !

Here awhile they must be parted,
And the flesh its Sabbath keep,
Waiting in a holy stillness,
Wrapt in sleep.

For a while the wearied body
Lies with feet toward the morn ;
Till the last and brightest Easter
Day be born.

But the soul in contemplation
Utters earnest prayer and strong,
Bursting at the Resurrection
Into song.

Soul and body reunited
Thenceforth nothing shall divide,
Waking up in Christ's own likeness
Satisfied.

Oh the beauty, oh the gladness
Of that Resurrection day,
Which shall not through endless ages
Pass away !

On that happy Easter morning
All the graves their dead restore ;
Father, sister, child, and mother
Meet once more.

To that brightest of all meetings
Bring us, Jesu Christ, at last,
By Thy Cross, through death and judgment,
Holding fast. Amen.

Rev. S. B. Gould, 1834

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ the royal Master
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go!
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory.
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.
Onward, etc.

Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the Saints have trod;
Though divisions harass,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, etc.

Crowns and thrones may perish
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain ;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail :
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, etc.

Onward, then, ye faithful,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices,
In the triumph-song :
Glory, laud, and honour,
Unto Christ the King :
This, through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.
Onward, etc.

Rev. S. B. Gould, 1834

O Thou from Whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me.

When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, Thy peace impart:
In love remember me.

When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O let my strength be as my day:
For good remember me.

If for Thy sake upon my name
Shame and reproach shall be;
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me.

When in the solemn hour of death
I wait Thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Good Lord, remember me.

And when before Thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to Thee,
Then, with Thy saints at Thy right hand,
Good Lord, remember me. Amen.

Rev. J. Haweis, 1732–1820
and T. Cotterill, 1779–1823

O Love that will not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee :
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee :
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee :
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee :
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be. Amen.

Rev. Dr. Matheson

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try,
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gate of death ;—
He enters heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays".

O Thou, by Whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way !
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod ;
Lord, teach us how to pray. Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771–1854

Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go,
Thy word into our minds instil,
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release ;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

Do more than pardon ; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toil'd ;
And care is light, for Thou hast cared ;
Ah ! never let our works be soil'd
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

Rev. F. W. Faber, 1814–63

SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear Name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise ;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease ;
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

Grant us Thy peace through this approaching night ;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light :
From harm and danger keep Thy servants free ;
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way ;
With Thee begun, with Thee shall end the day ;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life ;
Peace to Thy Church from error and from strife :
Peace to our land, the fruit of truth and love ;
Peace in each heart, Thy Spirit from above.

Thy peace in sorrow, balm of every pain ;
Thy peace in death, the hope to rise again ;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace. Amen.

REV. J. ELLERTON, 1826-93

SAFE in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershadowed,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark! 'tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.
Safe in the arms of Jesus, etc.

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears,
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears.
Safe in the arms of Jesus, etc.

Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience—
Wait till the night is o'er,
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.
Safe in the arms of Jesus, etc.

Amen.

F. J. CROSBY, 1823

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son ;

Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power ;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued ;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

To keep your armour bright
Attend with constant care,
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.

From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray ;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

That having all things done,
And all your conflicts passed,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last. Amen.

REV. C. WESLEY, 1707–88

THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never ;
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow
My ransom'd soul He leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I stray'd,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me ;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight ;
Thy unction grace bestoweth ;
And oh, what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth !

And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never ;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever. Amen.

SIR H. W. BAKER, 1821–77

TELL me the old, old story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.
Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and His love.

Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon;
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.

Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when *that* world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story :
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

K. HANKEY

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

Oh magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His Name;
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came

The host of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succour trust.

Oh, make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

Fear Him, ye saints; and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care. Amen.

TATE AND BRADY

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be;
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine, so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All. Amen.

REV. DR. BONAR, 1808–89

THE Saints of God ! their conflict past,
And life's long battle won at last,
No more they need the shield or sword ;
They cast them down before their Lord :
O happy Saints ! for ever blest,
At Jesus' feet how safe your rest !

The Saints of God ! their wanderings done,
No more their weary course they run,
No more they faint, no more they fall,
No foes oppress, no fears appal :
O happy Saints ! for ever blest,
In that dear home how sweet your rest !

The Saints of God ! life's voyage o'er,
Safe landed on that blissful shore,
No stormy tempest now they dread,
No roaring billows lift their head :
O happy Saints ! for ever blest,
In that calm haven of your rest !

The Saints of God their vigil keep
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
Till from the dust they too shall rise
And soar triumphant to the skies :
O happy Saints ! rejoice and sing ;
He quickly comes, your Lord and King.

O God of Saints, to Thee we cry ;
O Saviour, plead for us on high ;
O Holy Ghost, our Guide and Friend,
Grant us Thy grace till life shall end ;
That with all Saints our rest may be
In that bright Paradise with Thee. Amen.

ARCHBISHOP W. D. MACLAGAN, 1826

We love the place, O God,
Wherein Thine honour dwells ;
The joy of Thine abode
All earthly joy excels.

We love the house of prayer,
Wherein Thy servants meet ;
And Thou, O Lord, art there
Thy chosen flock to greet.

We love the sacred font ;
For there the Holy Dove
To pour is ever wont
His blessing from above.

We love Thine altar, Lord ;
Oh, what on earth so dear ?
For there, in faith adored,
We find Thy presence near.

We love the word of life,
The word that tells of peace,
Of comfort in the strife,
And joys that never cease.

We love to sing below
For mercies freely given ;
But, oh, we long to know
The triumph-song of heaven.

Lord Jesus, give us grace
On earth to love Thee more,
In heav'n to see Thy face,
And with Thy Saints adore. Amen.

Rev. W. Bullock, 1798–1874

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